

Iron County Register

BY H. D. AKE.
IRON, MISSOURI

MISMASTED.

A hawk once started a white dove, with the softest of wings and a voice full of love.

And the hawk—oh, yes, as other hawks—was a well enough hawk, for aught that I know.

But she was a dove. And her bright young life had been nurtured in love, away from all strife.

Well, she married the hawk. The groom was delighted. And the friends all invited. (Does any one think my story's not true? He is certainly wrong. The facts are not new.)

Then he flew to his nest. With the dove by his side. And soon all the rest Took a squint at the bride.

A hawk for his father, a hawk for his mother. A hawk for his sister, a hawk for his brother. And uncles and aunts there were by the dozens.

And oh! such a number of hawks for his cousins. They were greedy and rough—A turbulent crew. Always ready enough To be quarrelsome, too.

To the dove all was strange; but never a word In argument she gave to the wrangling she heard. In a moment of the peaceful, far-away nest Ever haunted her dreams or throbbled in her breast.

No bird ever knew: Each hour of her life, Kind, gentle and true. Was the hawk's dove wife.

But the delicate nature was too sorely tried: With no visible sickness the dove drooped and died. Then love was the grief and the wish all expressed.

To call the learned birds, a hold an inquest. All the birds came. But each shook his head: No disease could he name. Why the dove should be dead.

Till a wise old owl, with a knowing look, Stated this case as clear as a book: No disease or accident's shock. The cause of her death was too much hawk!

Hawk for her father, and hawk for her mother. Hawk for her sister, and hawk for her brother. She had brought away to a realm more fair.

She was shut out a dove: Too faint to see the hawk's life. Void of kindness and love. Full of hardness and strife.

And when he had told them the other birds knew That it was the cause, and the verdict was true.

—J. S. Peck in Vermont Watchman.

SMITH'S BALLOON JOURNEY.

It would be an injustice to Josiah to suppose that he limited his quest in the field of knowledge to that particular portion indicated by his honored association with a distinguished society. He was proud in his modest way, if the paradox be permitted, when he produced his card, on which was engraved "Josiah Smith, F. R. S. A." Also, it was known among his friends that casual references to his great work on "Underground England" were not displeasing to him. But, as he was wont to say: "The surest way of finding either mental or bodily recreation is to seek it in the fresh fields of labor."

Thus it came to pass one evening in the spring of this year that Josiah, having shut himself in all day with the determination to make up for lost time, found he had, with the aid of cold tea and wet bandages, added as much as half a page to his great work. Feeling the need of a little change of thought and association, he had availed himself of an invitation kindly sent to him to join the meeting of an aeronautic society.

Josiah had listened with profound attention to the various speeches made, and had thought, really, when he had a little more time he would devote it to the fascinating science of aeronautics.

Among the guests of the society, and, indeed, the hero of the evening, was Capt. Mulberry, the famous guardian, who devoted much natural talent and a considerable portion of his life to the endeavor either to kill or hopelessly maim himself. Having tried most things, he had taken to ballooning, as offering the largest amount of risk in the least possible space of time.

He had been up in all kinds of balloons, in all possible circumstances, and had come down in various ways. He had just now achieved a great feat, making a voyage from the Grampian Hills to the Orkney Islands. The society, desiring to do him honor, had invited him to this meeting; and Josiah had heard him describe his perilous voyage. Many moving stories of his escapes were detailed. Josiah listened with enraptured attention to an adventure which, it seems, the Captain had had in Spain, and which Josiah's companion (a baldheaded gentleman with spectacles) narrated with great effect. Mulberry, in one of the marches of the Carlists, to whom he had attached himself, was surprised and taken prisoner by the enemy. They locked him in the kitchen of a farmhouse near, mentioning incidentally that in the morning they would shoot him. They took away his sword and pistols, and would have taken his umbrella, but the Captain pleaded hard for his society, declaring that from early boyhood he had never been able to sleep without an umbrella under his pillow. The Spaniards had heard much of the eccentricity of Englishmen, and, not being inclined to refuse the request of a doomed man, they left him the umbrella.

The next morning, when they came to take him out for shooting purposes, lo! the Captain and the umbrella were both gone. There was a good deal of soot about the place, and regarding this and other signs of hasty flight, the truth flashed upon the Spaniards. There had been a fire in the grate. The Captain had opened the umbrella inside the chimney, waited until it had been inflated with the warm air, and then, napping on to the handle, had descended in a neighboring field, had shut up his umbrella and walked off.

"Dear me!" said Josiah; "how very interesting. I suppose the chimneys are wide in Spain?"

"Very wide, indeed," said the bald-headed gentleman in spectacles. Josiah walked along rail Mall meditating on these things and on the comparative obscurity of the work he had assigned to himself. While others were soaring in high places, he was burrowing underground. Both were in search

of knowledge. Both desired to benefit their fellow-men. Both the two Josiahs felt that the aeronauts had the advantage of the undergrounders. It was too late for him to think of striking out a new path; but he thought that if he had to begin life again he would soar.

While pondering on these matters, he was startled by a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder, and heard a cheery voice exclaim:

"Got a match in your pocket, old man?"

He looked up, and there, somewhere on a level with the lantern in the neighboring lamp-post, was the genial face of Capt. Mulberry.

"No," said Josiah, "I'm sorry I have not."

"Don't smoke, eh? You don't look the kind of old boy to have any pleasant vices. I saw you in the balloon society's rooms just now, and rather took a fancy to you."

"You are very kind," Josiah said, blushing up to where in earlier and happier days the roots of his hair had been. "I am sure I feel it a great honor."

"If you don't mind me saying so, I think you're the innocentest-looking old boy I have seen in a day's ride. I should like to see you, particularly when combined with middle age. It is the rarest thing in the world. I hope you'll come and dine with me some night at my club."

"I should like it very much, indeed," said Josiah. "We are close at my rooms—just here in King street, I live—and if you would step in you might light your cigar."

"Thanks, I will. You won't mind me making up to you in this way; but, upon my honor, I took such a liking to your face, seeing it among the mass of humbug where we were just now, that I was going to speak to you then, only I could not get near you."

Josiah was in a tremor of delight, which presently subsided into a soft glow of contentment, as the Captain, stretching himself out over as much of the couch as he could find in the little room, not only lit his cigar, but praised Josiah's claret and told him a good deal more of his balloon adventures than he had communicated to the eminent society in whose rooms they had met.

"By the way," he said, "I am going to make a balloon excursion to-morrow. I didn't mention it to the society, because these fellows go around and I'd only have been hampered. When you mean work, the less you say about it before-hand the better. That is what I have always found. Ever up in a balloon?"

"No," said Josiah, "but I should very much like to go."

"What do you ride?" asked the Captain, looking him up and down as if either about to measure him for a suit of clothes or considering where he could most advantageously plant a blow from his ox-hoof-like fist.

"A pony—at least I used to ride a pony when I was at home; but that is a long time ago, and I have not ridden much since."

"I mean, what do you weigh," said the Captain, laughing.

"A little over ten stone."

"Is it possible why I pull the scales at seventeen stone. I'd give something to be your weight. Think of the ballast you might take up with you!"

"Is that an important thing?" Josiah asked, his old instinct of gaining knowledge manifesting itself.

"It's simply everything. That's how I managed to get over to the Orkneys. These fellows that go up in balloons which they fit up like first-floor rooms, and take everything with them except a feather-bed, don't know anything about it. They go floundering around with a few pounds of ballast, and when they get into a wrong current there they stick. Now, between you and me, Mr. Smith, I don't mind telling you my secret of successful ballooning. Take as much ballast as you can carry, and when you get stuck in a calm or carried off by a wrong current, out goes your ballast, up you shoot, get into another current, and there you are. Ten stone!" he murmured, gazing wistfully upon the speaker.

"There ought to be a good deal done with that. Tell you what, old chappie, you shall come with me to-morrow."

Josiah had been a few moments ago possessed with a burning desire to go up in a balloon, but at these words the fire went out and he felt a cold chill steal over his body.

"I rather fancy I have an engagement to-morrow," he said, producing his pocket diary and anxiously gazing on it in the month of December.

"Nonsense!" said the Captain, laying his large hand on Josiah's shoulder, "you've no engagement, and if you had you couldn't find it by holding your book upside down. You come along with me. There's not the slightest danger, and it's not every man who has crossed the channel in a balloon."

"The channel!" cried Josiah, feebly. He had thought of some little excursion. Perhaps in the fields ten or twenty miles off. "I don't think I'd like to start with the channel. Suppose we begin somewhere else and try the channel later on. It will be better—if anything happened, you know—have the water warm."

"Nonsense," said the Captain, cheerily; "we shall never be nearer the water than two thousand feet. We'll dine in Paris to-morrow night, and I'll take you to the Closierie after dinner. It will do them good to see you there. Now that's settled, and you'd better go to bed straight off. We'll have to be up early in the morning to catch the mail train for Dover. I've got my balloon there all ready, and we'll start about noon."

This was perfectly horrible. Josiah felt as if it was a hideous nightmare, and he had a dim hope that presently he would wake up.

"I'll see you don't oversleep yourself," were the last words of the Captain as he went off. "I'll look you up and take you down to Victoria in a hansom. You needn't bring any luggage, you know. A clean shirt and a tooth-brush will see you through."

Thus faded Josiah's last and secret hope, one he had cherished even while he drank his claret and talked boldly of aerial navigation. He might, he thought, peradventure oversleep himself and miss the train, and all would be well. But the Captain would call for him, and there was plainly no escape.

How he got to Dover he did not know. It all seemed a dream. He had a dim

recollection of the Captain's thundering at his door at six o'clock in the morning. He remembered lighting his Etana, making his cup of coffee, and thinking as he drank it it might be his last. Then they must have caught the train. In fact, he remembered the sound of the rushing carriage, the darkness of the tunnel, the glories of the dawning day, and felt around him the bright, fresh sunlight that made all nature glad.

They drove out to the balloon, which was down by the gas-works, and was now in process of inflation. Josiah looked upon the monster, swerving first to the right then to the left, and threatening every moment to break its bonds and go off on its own account. There settled upon Josiah a certain mood of quiet despair. What must be must, and it was better to avoid a scene and imitate closely as possible the cheerful indifference of the Captain.

"Now, old man, in you tumble," said the Captain. "Sit down in the bottom of the car and keep quiet till we get past this stack of chimneys. If we run into them it's all over; but I reckon I'll take you clear."

He got in and sat down in the bottom of the car. It was, he noticed, something like one of the coracles of which he had made mention in the preface to "Underground England." There was something good in that. The Romans made long journeys in the coracle. If the worst came to the worst, they might float.

Even in the anguish of his mind he couldn't help wondering when Capt. Mulberry would finish calling in. He had never noticed how tall he was till he found the necessity of getting out of the way of his legs as he crept between the ropes into the car.

"Let go all!" cried the Captain, and Josiah felt his last hour had come. He held his breath and stuck to his hat, being under the impression the whole affair would shoot up into the air like a rocket. He expected to be deafened with the noise of whizzing through the air, and to be half suffocated with the rush of wind. Looking over to get a last look at the nature of the soil on which he would presently fall, Josiah beheld a strange sight. As far as he knew, the balloon was motionless, while the earth was dropping rapidly from under them as if the laws of gravitation were irrevocably broken and the world was falling through space.

"Done it!" he heard the Captain cry, in a voice that sounded curiously remote.

"Done what?" said Josiah, anxiously looking up.

"Why, the chimney-stack. Just cleared it by half a foot. I didn't like to say much about it, but it was a pretty near touch-and-go affair. That's the worst of filling a balloon. You must do it near a gas-works, and there's sure to be a stack of chimneys at hand."

It seemed but a moment since Josiah had heard the Captain call out "Let go all," and they were in space a thousand feet above the level of the land, sailing calmly along in bright warm sunlight, and with no more motion perceptible than if they were still sitting in the room in King street—that cherished apartment which Josiah felt his eye would never light on more.

"This won't do," said the Captain, sternly; "we've got into a wrong current, and instead of going out to sea are going inland. In half an hour we'll be at Canterbury."

"I have heard Canterbury's a very nice old town," said Josiah. "It would be a bad place to stop at; and if the wind's contrary to-day, it might be right to-morrow."

The balloon slowly rose till the anemoid marked a height of 1,500 feet, and still the current drove it steadily northwest. Looking southward Josiah beheld a sight which, if it were the last he was ever to look upon, was at least a glorious glimpse of earth and sky and sea. There lay the channel gleaming in the sun, a broad belt of silver. Beyond it, like a cloud, was France. The fields, stretched out in limitless extent, far as the eye could reach, seemed to form a gigantic carpet, with patterns chiefly diamond-shaped, and in color shaded from bright emerald to russet-brown.

"This won't do," the Captain said again, and seizing a bag of ballast he emptied it. The balloon swiftly rose, and the anemoid marked 2,500 feet. The villages seemed mere spots; the pattern of the carpet grew blurred. Nothing was distinguishable—nor horses, nor sheep, nor any living thing.

"Hurrah!" cried the Captain, "we're off now."

Nearer and nearer came the belt of silver which seemed to girdle continent and island. They were close to Dover, and could make out the towers of Dover castle, knowing well the irregular plan on which the streets were laid out, and struck by the manner in which, as looked down upon from this height, they formed themselves into beautifully defined curves, straight lines and other highly respectable geometrical shapes. They saw the castle, and the pier with what seemed to be ants crawling on it. A little patch of color, that to Josiah looked like a ball of scarlet worsted, was, the Captain said, a sentry on duty.

It was passing strange and at first dreadful, this intense silence and this strangeness of the familiar earth. But after a while everything like terror passed away from Josiah's mind. He began to feel the fascination of the thing. His spirits rose as he breathed the delicious air, and when the Captain said: "We are over the water now," and Josiah looking down discerned the sea gleaming below; he could have clapped his hands for joy.

"This is splendid," said the Captain. "We'll be across in half an hour. We'll catch the train for Paris, and you shall dance at the Closierie to-night."

Josiah didn't dance, and didn't know what the Closierie might be. But he was not without susceptibility to the allurements of a quiet dinner in Paris, and began to feel the excitement of having accomplished a perilous feat, to which he would certainly drag in some reference in his great work. It would be difficult, as he was as far as possible remote from underground England. But it might be worked in in some antithetical sentence.

After they had sailed for the space of ten minutes the Captain, who had been throwing out bits of paper which they left far behind, suddenly said a bad word.

"We are becalmed," he continued, and truly the bits of paper flung out floated idly round the balloon. "We must get out of this."

He cast out the ballast, bag after bag, and higher still they soared. Nevertheless, whenever they flung out the bits of paper, they floated here and there, some dropping back into the car.

"There goes our last bag of ballast," said the Captain, "and may luck go with it. We are lost men unless it takes us into another current, which, let us hope, won't be coming from the east and carry us out into the Atlantic."

Up again they mounted, but he was sensible of a tingling in the atmosphere, a tingling of the blood at his finger ends, and a strong disposition to bleed at the nose. The Captain threw out some more bits of paper. Still they circled round and round, dropping into the car or falling to the distant earth now utterly out of sight. They had passed through the cloud, and had above them a chilly sun and an intense blue sky. Below them were the clouds, on one of which was clearly caught the shadow of the balloon. Josiah, when he moved his head, could see an answering motion on the cloud, and recognized the reflection of the Captain's figure, sitting stern and erect, with his teeth set, and a look of angry determination on his brow.

This frightened Josiah a great deal more than the Captain's words. He felt that they were lost in space, and that the end must speedily come. This terrible look on the Captain's face made him sick at heart.

"Mr. Smith," said the Captain, speaking scarcely above a whisper, but his voice sounded as if he were shouting from the housetops, "you told me you were not a married man."

"Yes," said Josiah, "I have never been married."

"That is so, or I should not have asked you to come with me. And you have not many relations?"

"No," said Josiah, "there are not many that would miss me."

"Very well," said the Captain, "I have; but your life is as valuable as mine, and I would hold you at no disadvantage. The fact is, we are becalmed, and there is no prospect of any wind reaching us here till night, when we shall know which way we are drifting, and may as well give up all hope. There is wind overhead, I know, and it is going straight for France. If we could get up another thousand feet or so, we should catch the current and be over in ten minutes. But all the ballast is gone, and there is only one thing to be done."

"What's that?" asked Josiah, faintly.

"One of us must go overboard," said the Captain.

Josiah felt his heart sink within him. "I am not sure that it would be much use my going over," the Captain continued, discussing the matter as quietly as if he were arranging what they should have for dinner. "I'm such a thundering weight, you'd shoot up till you bumped your head against Jupiter; and besides, you would not know what to do with the balloon if I was gone. Still, I think we should have equal chances. Now, I'll give you the first chance. You get hold of me and try to push me over. If I go, you will find the balloon shoot up; but don't be frightened; you'll be all right in a bit, and can let out a few feet of gas. If you can't get me over—well, I must try to get you over. Hold on a bit till I light a cigar."

In the excitement still the Captain struck a light, bending low in the car to avoid contact of flame and gas, but the end of a cigar, and lit it. Josiah, shaking with terror, could see in the shadow on the cloud the smoke curling up from the cigar and lazily spreading itself out.

"Now, old chappie," said the Captain, "I'm ready. Heave hard, and over I go."

What was the use of disputing with a man like this? Josiah never had been inclined to fight with men of strong will. He was certain he could not move the Captain, but he was able to try, and try he did. He got one foot over the car, the Captain encouraging him and cheerfully smoking.

"Very well done, old man. A few more tugs and over we go. I'll just have time to finish my cigar before I get to the bottom."

Josiah tugged and tugged till he felt the warm blood rushing through his veins and his breath came short. But though he might move one of the Captain's colossal legs, which seemed to his distorted fancy to be the size of the monument, he could do no more. The Captain sat passive, encouraging him by every kindly phrase he could think of. But it was of no use, and after ten minutes' violent struggling Josiah threw himself back in the car.

"Very sorry, old man," said the Captain, with a tone of unmistakable sincerity. "Thought once you'd have done it; but I've got a little out of training lately, and run up half a stun. Now I must see what I can do with you."

First of all he tore off some slips of paper and threw them out. Josiah looked at them with hungry eyes. Round and round they spun, falling back into the car or dropping to the world beyond the clouds. There was no hope of movement for the balloon.

"Well, Mr. Smith, it's your turn now. I must see what I can do. It's not nice for either of us, but it would be no nicer to stay here and be starved to death or blown out to sea. You won't feel anything after the first rush. Good-by. I am sorry there will be no opportunity of communicating with you as to the result of this interesting experiment. I don't suppose," the Captain added, his love of scientific research increasing his unfeigned regret for the inconvenience Josiah was about to suffer, "that ever before a man stun was dropped out of a car in a lump. I reckon I'll get as high as most people have been. Now if you've any message just hand it over. If I can do anything for you in King street, or anywhere else, you may depend upon me."

"No," said Josiah, gulping down a rising sob; "if you will only say I went off bravely and didn't flinch, that will be all. Perhaps you might write a few lines by way of preface to 'Underground England,' pointing out that I died in the interests of science."

"Certainly," my dear fellow, it shall be done," said the Captain, with quite

a glow of honest energy. "If you'd like a little monument, or anything of that sort, I'll see it's run up. Now, over you go. Time's getting on, and I don't want to miss the Paris train. Give us a shake of your paw, then shut your eyes, for I fancy I shan't have much difficulty with you. Heave your watch over or take it with you."

"If you wouldn't mind accepting it," said Josiah, pulling out his fine old turnip-shaped time-piece, "as a memento of our friendship—which, though brief, has, I trust, been sincere—it would give me great pleasure."

"Certainly," said the Captain, weighing it in his hand critically, and thinking to himself that it might serve as ballast in a last emergency. "I'll hang it over my bed, and will think of you whenever it ticks. Nothing more to say?"

"No," said Josiah; "only please to drop me first."

The Captain took him up in his arms as if he were a child, held him for a moment over the side of the car, and with a cheery farewell, dropped him.

Josiah felt his hat go, and could see the balloon shoot up with tremendous rapidity, though, as he reckoned, the rate of velocity would need to be divided about half, as he was simultaneously descending rapidly. He felt the rush of air, and shrank from the moment, coming nearer and nearer, when he should strike the earth. He seemed an unconsciously long time falling. Still, through the clouds he went, and, as it seemed to him, at the end of five minutes began to get glimpses of the earth. Down he went like a shot. The rushing noise in his ears grew more intolerable. There was a swift upgrowth of the hedgerows, a sudden vision of cows and horses, and of people running across fields. Then a heavy bump, and Josiah, opening his eyes, found himself lying on the floor in the room in King street.

On the table were an empty claret bottle and two tumblers. The room was full of the smoke, now growing stale, of cigars. Josiah was shivering with cold, and the room was dark save from what light flickered in from the lamp down the street. He struck a light, and there in its accustomed place on the mantelpiece was his watch, the hands pointing to three o'clock. Dazed and shivering, he crept into bed, where he thought the matter over, groped his way to the conclusion that Captain Mulberry really had sent him to his room, had spent an hour with him, smoked cigars, drank claret, and then gone off. He remembered standing at the head of the stairs shaking hands with him, and promising to dine with him at his club one day in the following week. Then he had gone back and lain on the couch, where, overcome with the unaccustomed tumbler of claret, and dazed with the tobacco smoke, he had fallen asleep, dreamed, and rolled off onto the floor.

—Belgravia.

Toy Pistols.

"Give the baby a butcher knife, looking glass and hammer and he will amuse himself." This advice, which we believe has been actually offered in good faith, is not a bit more absurd or fatal than the theory that the toy pistol affords a legitimate kind of fun for boys.

The New York Mail says: "Eight little boys are now dying with lock-jaw caused by the poisonous explosives used in toy pistols, but little boys keep right on using toy pistols as if death from lock-jaw were the most agreeable route to the boys' paradise." This is only the recorded number stricken with this agonizing and fatal malady. There may be eighty for ought we know, for this cruel toy has come into very common service, and lock-jaw is a logical result of injury from the frequent accidents incident to its use. The man who invented it and put it on the market may have made his fortune, but he ought none the less to be permanently restrained from inflicting further harm by the introduction of such pernicious instruments. The toy pistol is not merely a nuisance like the fire-cracker and the tin horn of the Fourth, but it is a positive peril, full of deadly possibilities, which the small boy uses his best endeavor to fathom, and often with too much success. It is capable of disfiguring, and, when the conditions are right, even of killing those who come in the way of its discharges, either through accident or design on the part of its handlers. It is only a "toy," and to carry out the idea, which is to imitate as nearly as possible the genuine article, the boy possessed of one is equally possessed to find a target for it, and he chooses indiscriminately that which first comes in his range. It may be the cat or dog; it may be his little sister, or any other playmate, and the result in such instances is almost invariably disastrous.

What is likely to happen to himself we have faintly illustrated in the paragraph quoted. If there is no remedy for this, haste should be made to find one. If the liberty of boys is so sacred that they must not be deprived of the right to shoot themselves and others, and poison where they do not fatally wound, it is time the unwelcome truth was spread abroad, in order that society may be prepared when it sees a youth at large with a toy pistol in his hand to brain him on the spot. If there is any law against the sale and use of this instrument of evil, it is not enforced. Even a license law forbids the sale of intoxicating drinks to minors, but the dealer if they feel aggrieved at restraint in that direction, for excess in trying to induce their mania for excess in the toy pistol. It is of importance enough as a nuisance to challenge careful legislative consideration and it ought to be voted out of existence. We see no difficulty about making a law to that effect and executing it.

—Boston Post.

A forwarding agent in Berlin has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude and to pay a fine of \$375 for having attempted to forward by the Berlin Railway a case, containing an infernal machine. The clockwork acted so rapidly, and the explosion occurred while the case was in the station, to which serious damage was done. He had largely over insured the goods.

An Episcopal church congregation in Philadelphia supported "a poor and worthy old woman" upward of ten years, and when she dropped off the other day it was found that she owned two houses and had \$10,000 in bank.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

An improved stanchion has been invented that possesses at least one excellent feature. The frame is turned on pivots, so that the animal confined can turn its head and neck with as great ease as when tied to a rope or chain.

—Chicago Times.

A machine has been produced in Hamburg for making "wood wool," suitable for littering purposes, and claiming superior advantages over sawdust. It converts chips of every kind of wood used in workshops into a sort of fiber or flock.

—Analysis proves that cotton stems contain more phosphate of lime and phosphate of potash than the seed. With this fact in view Mr. Edward Atkinson suggests that the stems be ground and mixed with cotton-seed meal to correct the over-richness of the seed.

—Detroit Post.

Glass spinning and glass sower manufacture is a very extensive branch of the Austrian glass industry. It is now so developed that a petroleum flame gives some 1,550 yards of glass thread every minute, that are woven not only for glass cloths, etc., but also for watch chains, brushes, etc.

A novel invention has recently been tested. It is an electric bell cord which conveys signals to a railroad engineer's cab by a mere touch. It can be attached to a freight train, where it would give the alarm to both engineer and conductor, should the train break, thus enabling him to prevent serious accidents. The invention is the work of a telegraph line repairer.

—Chicago Journal.

Although Philadelphia does not move quickly herself, she seems to be the home of motors. Mr. J. R. Blum-berg (the purchaser, not the inventor) is now dazing the Philadelphia mind with a miracle of ingenuity, which takes the wind completely out of Keely's sails, and will enable an ordinary house fire to run an ocean steamer. Bipulphide of carbon is the main material used.

—N. Y. Sun.

A French photographer claims the authorship of an invention that will take accurate impressions of the motions of a bird in full flight, which is a long advance on photographing a galloping horse. Twelve pictures are taken by this process in a second, of which less than one-fiftieth is used in the actual reception of impressions. The rest is spent in the movement of the hand which turns the instrument to bring the several plates successively into operation.

—The long-desired motor for small machines has, according to a foreign journal, at last appeared. It is adapted to driving sewing machines, watchmakers' tools, and similar light machines, and consists of a seat supported on a rack, which, slowly distending under the weight of the operator sitting on it, transfers its motion through gearing contained in the supporting box to the band pulley from which the machine is driven; the lever serves to lock the seat in any position, and a slight pressure of the feet upon the treadle raises the seat again, without the operator having to get up, and without stopping the motor.

The treadle is adjustable, so as to suit the weight of the person at work, and the speed can be varied to suit the requirements of the work by the back pressure of the treadle. While a sewing machine requires 100 to 150 movements of the treadle per minute, this motor requires only four or five.

—Boston Herald.

PITH AND POINT.

—Almost anybody can run into debt; but nearly everybody has to crawl out of it.

—A young man who had married a bad tempered woman was one day provoked to correct her. The lady complained to her father who, knowing her character, followed the example of her husband, and boxing her ears, said: "There, now; go and tell the fellow that I am even with him, he has beaten my daughter and I have boxed his wife's ears."

—Chicago Tribune.

—Two juvenile lemonade merchants were fiercely competing for the patronage of their playmates, when one of them, destined to be a future Vanderbilt, squelched his rival and controlled the market by spreading the report that "the reason that Jimmy Bang gave more sugar in a one-cent glass was because there was a dead rat in his pump."

—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

—The New York Ledger asks: "Has a man to be deemed a cad because he kisses the girl to whom he is engaged in an enthusiastic and boisterous manner?"

We should say no, emphatically. The fact that he is engaged to a girl in an enthusiastic and boisterous manner should not deprive him of the right to kiss her, any more than if he had engaged himself to her in a quiet and orderly manner.

—Norristown Herald.

—They were raised here in Austin, but she did not know much about gardening; at the same time, she did not care to expose her ignorance to her husband. They had only been married a short time when he said: "I notice the asparagus is about ripe; don't you want to go out into the garden and get